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*Ioane Lumble Clrg. Parl.*

*Parnel Prate a pace Messenger.*

**T**He House then being about to adjourne, constituted Mrs. Sara Salewoman and Mrs. Margarit Maundring, to be conservators of the peace of their Common-wealth, and to prohibit what forbidden, and see that performed which they had commanded during their sitting, and so for that day djourned their House.

### POST-SCRIPT.

**V**irgins you that lie alone,  
I wish you all conversion,  
For 'tis an error you are in,  
If that you may and wont begin.

You that faine, would have Mates,  
For all your teeth have lost their Dates,  
'Tis but in vain for you to cark,  
Unless one meet you in the dark.

You that your mayden-heads have lost,  
And now take fees upon impost,  
All I can say is this, you must  
Be sure not sell your ware on trust.

But I to give you all content,  
Have spoken to your Parliament,  
That they your grievance should redresse,  
And you may buy, this happinesse.

A Manuscript of John Locke  
sometime a contriver of  
Ballads.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

THE  
ARMIES  
LETANIE,

Imploring the Blessing of God on the  
present proceedings of the Armie.

By the Author of  
*Mercurius Melancholicus.*



7/6<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>

Printed in the Yeere 1647.

20

England  
Army  
K.



241 M 34 A

LETTER



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1907

CHICAGO, ILL.

## The Armies Letany.

**S**ince that no wise man dares to say,  
But the Army if they list they may  
Save us or bring us to decay:

Therefore let's pray.

From any Souldier whose intent  
Is to ore-awe the Parliament,  
And with his pay won't be content.

*Libera nos.*

From Sutlers wives with faces tallow,  
Who with their Trulls the Army follow,  
From a Commander in chiefe, whose wit is shallow.

*Libera nos.*

From a Souldier that sweares, yet dares not fight,  
But would plunder London if he might,  
From meeting a partie late in the night.

*Libera nos.*

From a Trooper that's mounted on a leane jade,  
And of cutting throats has learnt the trade,  
From digging with a sword instead of a Spade.

*Libera nos.*

Frim bed-cord Match and priming Powder,  
From hearing the Drum speak louder and louder,  
From him that growes poor, and yet waxeth prouder.

*Libera nos.*

From underminings and counterminings,  
From Souldiers groanes and womens whinings,  
From *Booker* and *Lillies* false divinings.

*Libera nos.*

From Morter Pieces, and Hand Granadoes,  
From Blockings up, and Barracadoes,  
From discontented Reformadoes.

*Libera nos.*

From Southwark-men, who are but Treachours,  
From Countrey Fooles, and City Lechers,  
From Sheriffs, Bailiffs, and Counter-catchers,  
*Libera nos.*

From buying of our peace with money,  
From a false-hearted knave, whose words are honey,  
From a Whores temptations who hath a hot -----  
*Libera nos.*

From *Harunies* Pamphlets, and his fine Stories  
Of Asses, Mules, and Dromedaries,  
From Presbyterian Consistories,  
*Libera nos.*

From a Buffe-coat blade that needs will preach,  
From the doctrine the Anabaptists teach,  
From a Committee-man, or any such horse-leach,  
*Libera nos.*

From good pretences, and bad intentions,  
From hopes of plunder, and base inventions,  
From *Peters*, when his creamies he mentions,  
*Libera nos.*

From being perswaded out of our lives,  
Our coine, goods, children, and our wives,  
By those who for our ruine strives,  
*Libera nos.*

From a Winters Plague, and Summers Warre,  
From sleeping till we ruin'd are,  
From those that do delight to jarre,  
*Libera nos.*

From those that now like Princes sing,  
Making themselves, but marre the King,  
From an Independent point, and a Presbyters sing,  
*Libera nos.*

From laying claime to more then is ours,  
From riding on the backs of the higher Powers,  
From



From a brother that laughs and a sister that lowres,  
*Libera nos.*

From an Agitator that stormes and frets,  
And goodly Monsters each day begets,  
From a Scotch mist that devillishly wets.

*Libera nos.*

From the Parliaments Glimætricall yeare,  
From the Sectaries hopes and the Cities feare,  
From being forc'd against our consciences to sweare.

*Libera nos.*

From \* 49. and \* 52.

\* 1649. \* 1652.

And those Ills we then are like to view, *If the world last*  
From old errours that are reviv'd anew *So long.*

*Libera nos.*

From a begging Scholler, or small beere Poet, (it,  
Who can scarce write sense yet the world must know  
From him thats scabby and glories to show it.

*Libera nos.*

From settling all things by the sword,  
From those that hate our Sovereigne Lord  
Let England say with one accord,

*Libera nos. Domine.*

**T**hat it may please thy omnipotence,  
Father of all excellence,  
All jarres and strifes to banish hence.

*Quæsumus te.*

That it may please thee our Sir Thomas  
May now at length fulfill his promise  
In settling the King, who long hath been from us..

*Quæsumus te.*

That it may please thee the Army may  
Consider what a preposterous way  
It is to impeach thus every day.

*Quæsumus te.*

That:

That it may please thee to let them see  
How hard those Propositions be  
Were lately showne His Majestie.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee, they may not rejoyce,  
Nor yet with pride lift up their voice.  
But to maintaine the truth make choice.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee as hitherto  
They have done, what thou bidst them to do,  
They the same temper still may show.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee, we desire,  
The Citizens may never tire  
To doe what the Army doth require.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee, they may invent  
New waies against the moneyes spent  
They are to have, more may be lent.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee with mild cheare  
They may bow downe their backs to beare,  
They will be wiser sure next yeare.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee untill then,  
My Lord Mayor and the Aldermen,  
May re-inforce their Charter agen.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee for to blesse  
The Southwarkians with happinesse,  
For that they gave the Army acceffe.

*Quasumus te.*

That it may please thee all Flesh-flies,  
With Lake Carres beards egregious lies,

May



May be abhorr'd by all that's wise.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee the Army may  
No longer let the Tub-men pray  
*Extempore*, and what they list to say.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee they may declare  
Those Round-heads, whose deeds are not square,  
To be amongst them unworthy are.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee since 'tis in them  
For to dispose the Diadem,  
With it they *Charles* his browes may hem.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee, they may vie  
With those that would have Anarchie,  
And surely settle Monarchie.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee, the Army knowing  
To what a height things now are growing,  
May stop those floods that in are flowing.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee to perswade the Scot  
To be contented with his owne lot,  
For he must lose the footing he got.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee, the good the Army intend  
Us, in the receiving may not offend,  
And so at once have birth and end.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee the bloods of those  
Who some yeares past their lives did lose,  
'Twixt us and God mai'nt interpose.

*Quaesumus te.*

That

That it may please thee we may thinke on  
Our present dire confusion,  
Caus'd by the Devills delusion.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee shew the King  
Thy strange and wondrous managing  
Doth make for him in every thing.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee the world may see  
Thy justice great and good to bee,  
And what's the end of treacherie.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee now at last,  
The King may in his Throne be plac't,  
And those that hate him downe be cast.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee to let him be  
Assured that Aristocracie  
Will ever cause confederacie.

*Quaesumus te.*

That it may please thee he so may raigne,  
And his Sonnes when the Crowne they gaine,  
England may ever in peace remaine.

*Quaesumus te.*

So shall we be as once we were,  
The Almightyes love, the Nations feare,  
And then we in each street shall heare

*Benedicamus Domino.*

F I N I S.

Num. 1.

*Mercurius Clevicus.*

21

OR,

Newes from the Assembly of their  
IIII. LAST yeares in the Holy Con-  
vocation at *Westminster.*

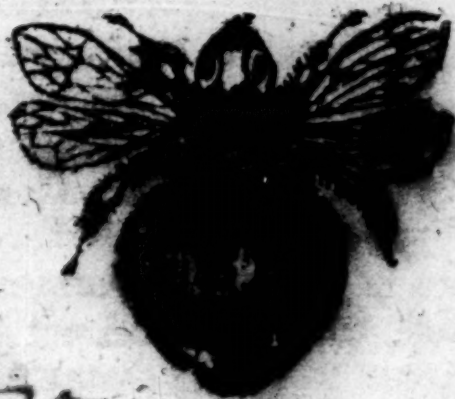
*K. 00  
London*

TOGETHER

With *Foskey's* Farewell, Death, and  
Epitaph, to all the *Presbyterian*  
Faction.

---

*Amicus Plato. Amicus Socrates;  
Sed magis amica Veritas.*



*For 25*

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Printed for S. F. in the Year. 1647.